



GERRY ANDERSON'S

SPACE

1999

ANNUAL



Authorised edition based on
the popular ITC Television series





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ATTENTION ALL READERS!

Once again, you have chosen to join us on our journey through the unknown! To share with this community of space castaways, torn bodily with the Moon from the orbit of mother earth, all the dangers, all the heartstopping perils of a quest for

a new home, a new sense of purpose. As Commander of Moonhase Alpha, I can only welcome your company. My colleagues and I salute you. . . .

John Koenig



ALL IN THE MIND!



It's a fabulous place! The great, domed buildings! The incredible towers! You should see the purple of the sky!" Eagle pilot Danny McGower's voice had risen in excitement, and the big video screen in Main Mission, Moonbase Alpha showed his eager face. "There's some kind of landing field ahead! They're giving me visual signals! Commander - I know they're telling me welcome!"

There was utter silence in Main Mission, apart from McGower's exultant commentary. Commander John Koenig took one swift glance around the ashen, incredulous faces of his staff, and spoke harshly into his comlock. "Danny, Overfly, do you hear me? Do not - repeat, do not attempt to land!"

"Oh, boy! It really *is* a sight, this city!" The pilot just hadn't heard him. "Believe me, this has got to be a new home for us!"

"McGower! For pity's sake break off, man! You're going to crash!" Koenig rounded on Tony Verdeschi, the controller. "Emergency smashdown units to area K! Helena? Rig the hospital bay at once. All personnel on standby!"

"What - what's happening to Danny?" Sandra Benes looked up, her eyes filled with desperate disbelief.

"He's hallucinating. I don't know why. I don't know how. But something - someone - has implanted an idea in his mind that he can't shake off. He can see this incredible city he describes. It's real to him, Sandra - and there's nothing any of us here can do about it!"

For Eagle Six, with Danny McGower at the controls, was in no way anywhere near a glittering alien civilisation. It was nowhere near any kind of unknown planet. It was coming in, nose down and engines retarding, straight for a dismal expanse of broken rock and fissured ground not half a mile from the Alpha complex itself. Homing in on its own Moon!

Crash tenders - converted moon buggies - raced from the airlock exit ports at area K. The men at the wheels stared in horror as the big Eagle checked - cut motors. Activated landing ramps. But far, far too late. Danny was sure he was about to touch down on level concrete - but the beak of his craft slammed sickeningly into a pinnacle of moon-rock and sheared at the neck! Next instant, the whole body of the craft cartwheeled, to land on its back and lie for one split second before blasting apart in a terrifying explosion of searing savagery!

Of Eagle Six and its flier, not one single, solitary trace remained!

It was Koenig himself who headed the inevitable Court of Inquiry - though God alone knew what it hoped to establish in its findings. It was surely impossible to say what had made the luckless Danny McGower go so blindly to his doom.

"His medical history was absolutely normal, John," said Doctor Helena Russell, tossing the man's file to the commander. "No history of bad dreams, emotional upset. Nothing."

"Look. Let's take it from the top again. He was on a purely routine flight. A straightforward checkout of the blind side of our Moon." Koenig steeped his hands and sat back in his chair. "For no apparent reason, he suddenly believes he's away investigating a nearby planet. Yet there *is* no planet. Something got to him - and it got to him around the other side. I suggest that I re-fly his mission . . ." he held up his hands to stem the immediate chorus of protest. "That I fly out, along with, say, Maya and Alan Carter, and see what happens. As a safety precaution, just in case something makes us hallucinate in the same way, an over-rider will be installed on our

Eagle, so that Main Mission can cancel our manual control and bring us safely back to dock. Any objections?"

The other members of the court shook their heads. They could hardly fault their commander's logic.

So it was that Eagle One, with John Koenig at the controls, Alan Carter as back-up, and Maya as observer, made its lift-off from pad one. And so it was that, no sooner had they traversed the horizon that carried them out of Main Mission's direct vision, it happened!

"Will you look at that!" Alan Carter was half out of his seat. The unfriendly terrain of the Moon had gone, and now there stretched away from them a glorious vista of silvery vegetation - a metallic jungle bathed in the strange, luminous glow of a purple sky!

It was uncanny. In that very moment, none of the three of them related mentally to the quest on which they'd come. Koenig said: "You've got to admit, it's a pretty place. Hey - I think I can see animals down there! See? A herd of creatures who look like some kind of buffalo!"

Maya gripped his arm. "Then the atmosphere must be breathable, John! It could be that this planet is a possibility for us. We could alert Moonbase and have Project Exodus in operation within the hour!"

Turning on its back, the Eagle exploded with terrifying savagery!



"Ah, hold on, Maya." This time it was Alan Carter. "Could be there are intelligent beings here who'd resent our intrusion. We'd better overfly and check up, first."

Nodding, Koenig pushed forward the thrusters, and the Eagle blasted at top speed above the surface of the apparent paradise. Way, way in the distance, the domes and towers of some kind of city came into view. . . .

"I'll call Main Mission and tell them the good news."

The commander's voice chilled Tony Verdeschi, Sandra Benes, and the other watchers and waiters in Alpha control. They tried verbal contact, without result.

"Do we over-ride and pull them back?"

"No. They've got the same bug that did for Danny McGower - but they're in no immediate danger if they don't try to land. Let them stay with it. . . ."

Now it was David Kano's voice. Urgent. Horrified. "Oh my stars! Tony! The computer's showing a fault in the over-ride box! There's a bumout on circuit three! We can't take control, even if we have to!"

Completely unaware of their true situation, Koenig, Maya and Alan overflew the fabulous city. They could see people there - tiny figures of humanoid aspect, staring up at their craft.

Koenig found himself hurled back by a bolt of blasting energy!

"They want us to land," said Koenig. "But I'm going to play it cautious." He had no memory of McGower's fate. "There's an area outside the limits - flatish ground. We'll put down there."

By some miracle, the particular part of the Moon - for in reality, that's exactly where they still were - was flat. And the Eagle touched in without mishap. "You two stay here for the moment," said Koenig. "I'm going to take a look outside."

Alone, but fully suited up in case of mishap, John Koenig clambered down the exit ladder and stood gazing around him. To his eyes, there were cave-like entrances on his left, and he fancied he saw a figure briefly come into view, spot him, and then run back out of sight. Warily, he approached, walked into the cavern. Instantly, he was flung back by a blast of electrical energy that seemed to envelop his whole body!

Shaken, but otherwise unhurt, he picked himself up. His comlock wouldn't work. Neither, to his consternation, would his stun-gun! The forcefield must have wrecked them both.

"I come in peace," he yelled, embarrassedly aware as he said the words that they sounded over-theatrical. "I mean you no harm. . . ."

"Then why did you give no recognition signals on your approach?" The voice seemed to boom at him from nowhere. It was all around him.

"What. . . ? Recognition signals. . . ?"

"Oh yes, we saw you were not from Algar," went on the voice. "So we made as if to guide you to our spaceport. But you declined to land. You overflew.





There, above, was an alien craft - massive and menacing!

Such behaviour is suspicious to us! *Are you indeed from Algar?*"

"Who - what is Algar?" Koenig's bafflement was genuine, and must have sounded it.

"We Promorians have been at war with Algar for years. Yet we have made a truce. Now we are led by informants to believe that Algar plans to sneak in and conquer us, though Algar of course denies it..."

"We are from Earth," said Koenig. "We are castaways on a Moon that was blasted out of orbit by an explosive reaction of nuclear waste. We seek only a new home...."

"Then you ... wait!" The voice took on a harsh edge. A pause ... "You lie! Your purpose was to distract us while Algar made their attack! For this treachery you will be first to die in the reopening of our war!"

Instinct guided Koenig. He turned on his heel and raced from the cavern, aware now that it sheltered some kind of defensive installation. As he raced for the Eagle, he looked into the sky, a sky now black with the onset of planetary night, and saw a gigantic ship hovering - a ship whose every aspect suggested menace!

"Alan! Get her off!" Koenig scrambled back into the Eagle and slammed the entry port. "I can't tell you much except that we've hit a planet in a state of war, and they think we're part of it!"

The Eagle blasted upwards on its vertical ram jets and, almost at once, a snaking burst of fire twisted up from a concealed ground battery, smashing the outer rear engine and sending the craft

dizzily off course! Koenig threw his weight to assist Alan Carter at the controls, and together they brought the heavy craft round, under the belly of the big alien attacker, whose own guns had opened up on the ground with terrible ferocity! Maya, crouched back against her seat, watched as lancing streams of ray-power tore into the distant city and sent towers tumbling into the vast domes where, perhaps, thousands of people were dying!

"We've got - to set course back - for Moonbase," gasped Koenig. And as he said it, he knew that he had no idea where Moonbase lay. His wide eyes sought Alan's, and the realisation flashed between them that they'd never be able to regain their base!

"How - did we get here...?" They spoke exactly the same words at exactly the same moment!

Over their switched-on monitor came the deeply intoned words - not of the same quality as the voice that Koenig had heard, but in grim, metallic syllables. "Promorians! Heed the might of Algar! We who staff this ship are robots. We fear no death, for we have no life. Our mission is to destroy your planet utterly. Since Algar cannot take it in conquest, it must cease to exist!"

An intense red light spread into the cabin of the Eagle as raw beams from the huge attack ship spread down over the land beneath. Koenig, Carter and Maya involuntarily clutched at each other as they saw the very terrain begin to crumble and split, as though the planet was literally tearing itself apart! Long tongues of volcanic fire reached up for them, and they knew they too were about to perish in the holocaust!

"Okay! It's fixed!" David Kano yelled desperately round at Tony Verdeschi, and the Main

Mission controller threw the switch that brought Eagle One onto over-ride. Keyed up to fever pitch, he and his colleagues watched as slowly, under their command, Eagle One slid into view over the starboard horizon and came drifting down to launch pad one. . . .

It was a stunned Commander Koenig who emerged. A Koenig who remembered only a confused pattern of events. Maya - Alan Carter - both were the same. None of them could give Verdeschi or Doctor Helena Russell anything like a coherent account of what had happened to them. The truth in fact would never have been known had it not been for the advanced medical technology of Moonbase Alpha, which allowed their brain-patterns to be probed, and the results fed into the complex system

of Kano's computer.

It seemed there was a planet - Promor. Many centuries before, it had been attacked and utterly destroyed by its enemies from Algar. It had been destroyed on the very spot in space through which the wayward Moon had passed . . . and like a ghost, its existence had prevailed.

"Like some kind of eternal thought image in space, it lies there," said Koenig, soberly, after he and his team had been returned to duty. "And we, somehow, had the super-physical capacity in our minds to detect its story and re-live it. We must have skimmed through its zone of influence . . ." He spread his hands and looked round. "Is there any other explanation.?"

There was proof enough. In the grave of one deluded Eagle pilot, and the smashed outer engine of Eagle One, now undergoing repairs in the maintenance bay . . .

Safely under Main Mission control, Eagle One appeared over the Moon's horizon. . . .





Commander
JOHN KOENIG
and Chief
Medical Officer Doctor
HELENA RUSSELL

U-I-G

A close-up portrait of Sandra Benes, a woman with short dark hair, looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. She is wearing a light blue turtleneck sweater. The background is a warm, out-of-focus orange and yellow.

Assistant Controller

**SANDRA
BENES**

LAUGHLINES







COMMANDER'S SITREP - I

ALPHA LOGBOOK. MOONDATE 3313.
SITUATION REPORT BEGINS.

At 0900 hours Crewman 2nd class Thomas Elvin Tolan suffered sudden severe nervous breakdown. Held duty controller Maya at gunpoint, secured comlock to records department, donned protective suit and attempted destruction of major personnel files. Proceeded to Central Core danger area. Prevented by self from entering final lock. Was sedated, made complete recovery by 2130 hours. SITUATION REPORT ENDS.



ANOTHER ENTRY FROM COMMANDER KOENIG'S PERSONAL LOG ON PAGE 46!

MOONBEAMS



LANDING FEEL. DISISTRATION TAKING.
CLEARANCE DUES. IT'S JUST LIKE HOME!



GOOD (BRIEF) HOW MANY TIMES DO I
HAVE TO TELL YOU NOT TO DO YOUR YOBIA
PRACTICE WARE WERE LANDING???



OKAY -- WHICH JOWED BUT PROPLITY
PILLS IN THE EARLIE' FUEL...?



OWH BOOBY! TINNED FOOD!



THE NOISE REPEMENT PEOPLE
ARE COMPLAINING ABOUT THE ROW
WHEN WE WIND IT UP...



SO THERE ARE INSECTS AROUND!
WHY CARE ABOUT A FEW INSECTS...?



QUIZCOOE ALPHA

Commander Koenig receives a print-out message from an alien planet via the Mein Mission computer. The message is in an unknown alphabet, as below. Given the breakdown that the computer supplies, how quickly can you decode the message? Check your result on page 61!

Message 0Δ30ΔW W+ UC∇+03 0+d W03W FUVΔ
+dX8+0W 404WΔ3+ ΠΔ0Δ C+W 0ΔXΔ3W
C+W 1+3X3WUε+Δ ΣUWΠ WΠΔ CΔΔ8+
+∇ 3U0-ε0Δ3WΠUC3 εΔUC34

Key

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
3	ε	1	8	Δ	∇	Σ	Π	U	8	Λ	+	3	C
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z		
+	X	H	□	4	W	d	b	Σ	⊙	□	Δ		



DOOMFLEET

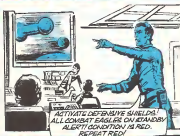
THE TENSE VOICE OF SANDRA BENES CUTS THROUGH THE HUM OF CONVERSATION IN MAIN MISSION ROOM, MOONBASE ALPHA...

COMMANDER KOENIG!
I HAVE CONTACT!
ALIEN VESSELS ON GREEN
SECTOR, BEARING
FIVE-FIFTY SIX!

PULL THEM UP ON
SCREEN, SANDRA!



GOOD GRIEF!
A DOZEN
OF THEM!



ACTIVATE DEFENSIVE SHIELDS!
ALL COMBAT EAGLES ON STANDBY
ALERT! CONDITION IS RED.
REPEAT RED!



ALL OVER MOONBASE,
PERSONNEL RUSH TO
THEIR BATTLE
STATIONS.



SHIELDS ACTIVATED!
LASERS READY,
COMMANDER!

DEFENCE
CONTROL

IN THE MEDICAL CENTRE, DOCTOR
HELENA RUSSELL PREPARES FOR
ANY EMERGENCY

OKAY HERE,
JOHN!

RIGHT, SANDRA.
SEE IF YOU CAN
RAISE THEM!
LET'S FIND OUT
WHO THEY ARE
AND WHAT
THEY WANT!

RESULT-NEGATIVE!

NO RESPONSE
AT ALL, SIR!

THEIR COURSE IS CONVERGING
WITH OURS, COMMANDER. IF
THEY DON'T ALTER, WE'LL INTER-
SECT IN EXACTLY TWO HOURS!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR IT:
EAGLE ONE BLASTS OFF--ALAN
CARTER AT THE CONTROLS,
JOHN KOENIG BY HIS SIDE!

WHAT DO YOU
MAKE OF IT,
COMMANDER?

THEY CLOSE
ON THEIR
OBJECTIVE...

I DON'T KNOW,
BUT WE'D BETTER
BE READY FOR
ANYTHING!

WELL THEY DIDN'T
OPEN FIRE. THEY'RE
TAKING NO NOTICE
OF US AT ALL!

IT'S SCREWY!
PLACE ME
ALONGSIDE
ONE OF THEM...

NO SIGNS OF LIFE
I'M GOING ABOARD
ALAN...

I'D RATHER
YOU THAN ME!

A RECOGNIZABLE SYSTEM OF AIRLOCKS
ALLOWS KIDNAP ENTRY...



EMPTY!
ALL SYSTEMS
SHUT DOWN!

ON HIS COMMANDER'S INSTRUCTIONS
CARTER CHECKS OUT OTHER SHIPS...
WITH THE SAME RESULT!

THE WHOLE FLEET'S
ABANDONED, SIR!
IT'S JUST BEEN
LEFT TO DRIFT!



BUT AN EXAMINATION OF THE REAR
SECTORS OF THE SHIP PROVIDES
THE ANSWER!

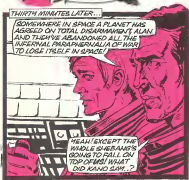
BUT WHAT
IT DOESN'T
MAKE SENSE



MY STARS! WARHEADS!
WEAPONS AND EXPLOSIVES!
A GIGANTIC ARMS DUMP!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

SOMEWHERE IN SPACE A PLANET HAS
AGREED ON TOTAL DISARMAMENT. ALAN
AND THIEVE ABANDONED ALL THE
INFERNAL PARAPHERNALIA OF WAR
TO LOSE ITSELF IN SPACE!



HEAH! EXCEPT THE
WHOLE SHEBANG'S
GOING TO FALL ON
TOP OF US! WHAT
DID KAND SAM...?



HE GODS!
WE'VE ONLY GOT AN
HOUR AND A HALF
TO TAKE AVOIDING
ACTION!

IT MEANS AN IMMEDIATE
TOP-LEVEL CONFERENCE...



WE CAN'T DESTROY THE
FLEET WHERE IT STANDS.
THE BLAST WOULD BE
PHENOMENAL. IT WOULD
INDOUBTEDLY VAPORIZE
US IN THE PROCESS.

COULD WE TOW THE
VESSELS ONTO A NEW
COURSE, SIR?

AT THE MOMENT...

STRANGERS! WE ON PHALANX... ZZZT
...SKRBAK... HOUR PERIL!
THERE IS... PARSSES
...KRRK...
AND OUR FAULT.



NO WAY.
WE HAVEN'T GOT
THE EAGLES TO DO
THE JOB IN TIME.



BIG LORM!
IT'S A TRANSMISSION
FROM THE PEOPLE WHO
DITCHED THE FLEET!

IT COMES FROM A VAST DISTANCE... A DISTANCE
THAT SCRAMBLES THE CONTACT WITH STATIC,
FADES THE PICTURE AGAIN AND AGAIN...



KRRRTT... SKRRRO
CANNOT BE ACTIVATED!
SUGGEST NOW EVACUATE
AND... FRKK... ZZZTTT
...SEND RECOVERY SHIPS...

IS THERE ANY WAY
THOSE SHIPS CAN BE
RE-STARTED? WE HAVE
TO ALTER THEIR
COURSE!

WE'RE SUGGESTING WE ABANDON
THE MOON GET OUT OF DANGER
AND WAIT FOR RESCUE BUT IT
CAN'T BE DONE! WE'VE NO ROOM
TO ACCOMMODATE ALL OUR
POPULATION AT ONCE!



JOHN, OUR EVENTUAL OBJECT IS SURVIVAL OF THE HUMAN RACE. SOMEDAY WE HAVE TO DECIDE WHO WILL GO...

DOCTOR RUSSELL IS RIGHT, SIR!

AND LEAVE THE REST HERE TO PERISH IN A HOLOCAUST?
I WON'T DO IT!
I WON'T MAKE THE DECISION!

ONE HOUR TO IMPACT TIME, COMMANDER, DO WE ALL DIE...?

WGSBBSH!
WHAT-CAN
-I-DO?

SINGLE POLARITY TRANSMITTER
MAGNETS CLAMPED TO THE BOWS
OF EACH SHIP IN THE FLEET, AND
A LONE EAGLE, EQUIPPED WITH AN
OPPOSED-POLE DEVICE...

COMMANDER—WHOEVER SURVIVES WILL
START OUR RACE AGAIN... AND ON A
PLANET OF PEACE! IT'S THE VERY CHANCE
WE NEED, NO MATTER HOW TERRIBLE
THE CONSEQUENCES FOR THOSE WHO
WON'T MAKE IT!

NEVER HAS JOHN KORNIS FACED SUCH A
DILEMMA! AND THEN COMES THE STRAW.
THE STRAW HE MUST GRAB AT!

REPELLED
MAGNETISM,
THE
DEFLECTION
OF FIELDS...

WHAT'S THAT, TONY?
WHAT'S THAT YOU'RE
SAYING...?

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES TO GO!
THE SIX OPERATIONAL
EAGLES TAKE OFF...

GREAT JUPITER! LIKE WE USE FOR
EMERGENCY SOFT LANDINGS WHEN
EAGLE MOTORS CUT OUT,
IT'LL WORK! TONY—IT'LL WORK!

CRAFT BY CRAFT, THE ALIEN SHIPS ARE 'BOWN' WITH COMPLEX ELECTROMAGNETIC DEVICES...

WARM IT UP! AND MAKE SURE THE POLARITY'S SETTING'S CORRECT!

ON POSITIVE, SET TO TRANSMIT AT FULL STRENGTH. I'M NOT LIKELY TO MAKE ANY MISTAKES!

IT TAKES TWENTY MINUTES TO FIT UP THE WHOLE ALIEN FLEET...

COME ON! WE'VE GOT ANOTHER ONE TO FIX... AND TIME'S RUNNING OUT FAST!

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR! MAGAT'S KEEPING THOSE GUNS?

FOR PETE'S SAKE COOL IT, COMMANDER! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BE AS COLD AS ICE TO DO WHAT WE HAVE TO!

MAGNETS ALL IN POSITION, COMMANDER! YOU'RE CLEAR TO GO!

WE'RE ON OUR WAY! WISH US LUCK!

O.K., ALAN. THIS IS IT. I'M OPERATING THE MAGNETIC FIELD NOW...

RIGHT. I'LL TAKE THE FAR-SIDE SHIPS OF THE FLEET FIRST!

HEAD-ON, THE EAGLE SPEEDS TOWARDS THE LEFT-HAND LEADER!

POWERFUL NEGATIVE MAGNETISM FROM A UNIT IN THE EAGLE HIT POSITIVE MAGNETISM FROM THE DEVICE ON THE ALIEN BOW!

IT'S REPELLING!
I'M HAVING TO HOLD
US ON FULL STARBOARD
CORRECTION... BUT
IT'S REPELLING!

RIGHT DOWN THE LINE THE ALIEN DOOMSHIPS ARE
SWINGING OUT ONTO A SAFE COURSE. NOW ALAN
CARTER THINGS TO OVERHLY AND COME IN ON
THE CENTRE FILE.

AGAIN AND AGAIN CARTER RISKS
THEIR NECKS IN CLOSE CONTACT.
BUT ON THE FOURTH SHIP OF THE
MIDDLE GROUP.

THEY'LL EXPLODE!
THEY'LL SET OFF A
WHOLE CHAIN
REACTION!

TOO NEAR!
IT'S TURNED
TOO SHARPLY.

WE'LL ALL BE
BLOWN TO BITS!



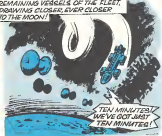
BUT CARTER AND KOENIG WHIRL THEIR EAGLE ROUND IN A TORTUROUS TURN!

AND NOW THE FINAL LINE, THE FOUR REMAINING VESSELS OF THE FLEET, DRAWING CLOSER, EVER CLOSER TO THE MOON!



PHWWWW! IF I WAS A CAT, I'D HAVE LEFT RIGHT OF MY NINE LIVES BACK THERE!

WE SPREAD THEM APART, IT-IT'S ALL RIGHT, ALAN...



TEN MINUTES, WE'VE GOT JUST TEN MINUTES!



ONE-TWO-THREE! AND THEN THE LAST!

AAAAASH! WE'RE TOO LOW! I DAREN'T PULL UP AND OUT.

THE MONUMENTOUS ALIEN VESSELS AWAY... BUT ALAN CARTER HAS NO ROOM LEFT TO MANOEUVRE!

THA-RUNNNNNNCHA!



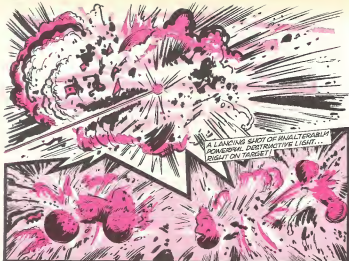
A RESCUE TEAM ROARS OUT FROM ALPHA...



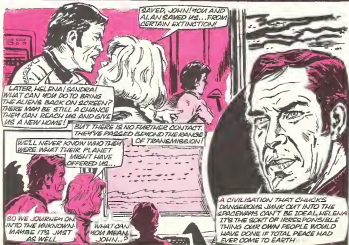
SAFELY BACK IN MAIN MISSION,
JOHN KIDENIG RESUMES CONTROL...

ALIEN FLEET
HEADING OUTWARDS,
SIR THEY'RE WELL
BEYOND OUR
SAFETY LIMITS
ALREADY.

THEN DESTROY THEM
SIGNAL LASER BATTERY BETA



A LANDING SHOT OF UNALTERABLY POWERFUL DESTRUCTIVE LIGHT... RIGHT ON TARGET!



SAVED, JOHN! MOM AND ALAN SAVED US... FROM CERTAIN EXTINCTION!

LATER, HELENA / SANDRA!
WHAT CAN MOM DO TO BRING THE ALIENS BACK ON SCREEN? THERE MAY BE STILL A CHANCE THEY CAN REACH US AND GIVE US A NEW HOME!

BUT THERE IS NO FURTHER CONTACT. THEY'VE PASSED BEYOND THE RANGE OF TRANSMISSION!

WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHO THEY WERE. WHAT THEIR PLANET MIGHT HAVE OFFERED US...

SO WE JOURNEY ON INTO THE UNKNOWN. MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL.

WHAT CAN MOM MEAN, JOHN...

A CIVILISATION THAT CHUCKS DANGEROUS JUNK OUT INTO THE SPACWAYS CAN'T BE IDEAL. HELENA IT'S THE SORT OF IRRESPONSIBLE THING OUR OWN PEOPLE WOULD HAVE DONE IF TOTAL PEACE HAD EVER COME TO EARTH.

SPOT THE DIFFERENCE

The pictures below look identical—but our artist has made six changes in the one underneath! Can you spot them? Check your answers on page 61.





1999

1999



1999



1999



1999



1999

1999

1999



1999

1999



1999



CRASHDOWN

A GAME FOR TWO OR MORE PLAYERS!

YOUR EAGLE HAS CRASH-LANDED ON AN ALIEN PLANET. THE OBJECT OF THE GAME IS TO RETURN SAFELY TO MOONBASE ALPHA. USE BUTTONS FOR COUNTERS, AND MOVE BY THROWING A DICE. SIMPLY OBEY THE INSTRUCTIONS ON ANY FEATURE-SQUARES YOU LAND ON—AND THE FIRST ONE SAFELY HOME IS THE WINNER! IF YOUR FINAL THROW IS MORE THAN YOU NEED TO REACH MOONBASE, IT DOESN'T MATTER. YOU STILL WIN!



1999



1999



1999

1999

1999

ALPHA
START &
FINISH

Meteorite
Storm!

1999



1999

1999



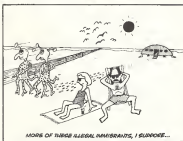
1999

1999



1999

MOONBEAMS



SPACE SCIENTISTS' AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY Presents 'HAMLET'



A woman dressed as the character Maya the Alien is lying on her side on a white surface. She is wearing a grey, fringed, one-piece outfit with a spider-like pattern on the chest and a necklace. She has a large, dark, feathered tail. The background is a solid red color.

MAYA

- ally from the
Planet Psychon





Come home Maya

The planet had loomed large on the Main Mission video screen for two days. Now it dominated the visual horizon, shedding its reflected light over the Moon, due to pass close, but without, mercifully, being drawn into its field of gravity. Yes, there was atmosphere there – and a certain amount of life-support in the way of animal and vegetable creation. But it was no place for Commander Koenig and his space castaways . . . for the planet, termed Garm by its governor, Prenator Vurkkon, was a penal colony, a global prison for the criminal and political outcasts of the Madurian system. Some ninety percent of its surface was, in fact, totally uninhabitable, being volcanic – basaltic mountains rising from deep sloughs of molten lava and ever-boiling mud.

As Prenator Vurkkon had said, when Commander Koenig's all-frequencies telecast had reached him, "I sympathise with your quest for a new home, commander. If there is any way for you to divert the course of your Moon, then perhaps you may find your way to the six planets of Maduria. There, they will undoubtedly welcome you . . ."

But Koenig had had to say, "There is no way I

can alter my path. I must go on . . ."

There would have been no further contact, had it not been for Maya. The erratic course of the Moon through space, and the tracks of the planets in her own home system, had coincided once again. True, her origins – the sphere of Psychon – had been destroyed in an explosion as devastating as that which had driven the Moon from Earth's orbit. But she still clung to the vain hope that her father, the misguided genius, Mentor, had somehow escaped doom, and was still alive. She'd told Koenig – "Let me look, John! This is our last possible touch with the system of which Psychon was once a part. If my father *did* get clear, then he'll have been banished here . . . to Garm!"

Koenig had refused. Not sternly, because Maya had become more than just a passenger – an ally. Perhaps it was just that that made him order her to her quarters. He could not afford to take the risk of losing her . . .

And then, defying his command, she had gone one night to Bay Three. She had donned her space-suit and taken off in an Eagle, her destination, the forbidden penal planet!

Koenig faced Prenator Vurkkon on the big video screen. He said: "You say she has made no contact with you?"

"I give you my word, Koenig. Surely, we have found your Eagle - landed, and in one piece. But totally abandoned. There is no sign of the girl, and no clue as to which direction she took after she left it. I have patrols out, night and day. She appears to have vanished into thin air!"

"But - but where could she have gone? You are absolutely sure her father, Mentor, isn't on Garm?"

"But of course! He *did* die. I'm sorry, Commander, but it's fact. I would not lie to you. I have no possible reason to do so."

"Prenator. Will you give me permission to come down with two of my people and search for Maya? I - I can't abandon her."

Vurkkon had smiled. "You will be welcome, sir. I regret I am understaffed, so I cannot offer assistance. But I will be pleased to make you welcome when you have located and recovered your lady..."

Minutes later, Eagle One blasted off from its launchpad, Koenig as supernumerary, Alan Carter at the controls. "What's the landing zone, sir?" asked Carter. "Right down beside Maya's eagle," the commander replied....

To say that Maya was in trouble would be to make a massive understatement. Her impulsive flight to find her lost father had brought her to Garm's surface, but even as she'd touched down, she'd known in her heart that she was being foolish. She had almost decided to take off again and return to Moonbase when, from a low line of rocks to her left, she had seen the fat, thick-lipped, heavily haired and bearded man in the cloak emerge, beckoning to her. It was as if he had known her, and she was impelled to get down and walk over to him. "Maya, my dear," he had said, confusing her. And then, with a grip like iron on her arm, he had swung her round and dealt her a chopping blow across the back of her neck, felling her to the ground as her consciousness exploded and left her in a blaze of stars!

She had awakened to find herself apparently unharmed. But she could not move a muscle. Her breath came in an astonished gasp, for she saw, not only her captor standing benignly beside her, but her own double. Another Maya... a creature of flesh and blood, reaching out to touch her!

"Whea...?"

"Aha! You are surprised, my pet?" The fat man chuckled. "Allow me to present the one who will take your place. Oh, no - I cannot expect you to understand everything at once! I shall explain. On

~we need you!

Maya couldn't move! Her double reached out and touched her face...





Vurkkon and his family looked sadly down at Maya's dead body . . .

but her double and the evil genius, who called himself Zuris, to hear her. . . .

this penal planet there are many of my friends. Brilliant criminals who can help me further my aims of domination of the planetary system. Well, I have come here to liberate them - but of course I must have transport. Now then - I monitored your commander's messages to Prenator Vurkkon, and I learned of your own waywardness into the bargain. It so happens that I have the power to create duplicates of people . . . which is why I am alive today. I made a duplicate of myself - a duplicate which was put to death on Garm for vile crimes, the details of which I shall not trouble to tell you. . . ."

"You - you've made this - this thing that resembles me . . .?" Maya could hardly get her breath.

"Exquisite, isn't she? She has your form, your brain pattern - everything. And now she will take your craft and fly back to your Moon. But once there, she will usurp, and destroy! She will kill your leaders and order the evacuation of all your craft to me! Right here! And then I will take the steps to release my friends from bondage and fly off to regain my position as scourge of the Madurian system!"

Maya started screaming. But there was nobody

Koenig and Carter found nothing. There was no indication of where Maya had gone. It was more than an hour before a bleeping from their Eagle took them back to it, and they found the video screen occupied by a picture of Vurkkon. "Commander. I regret to ask you to come to my city on a rather distressful mission. One of my patrols has just found the body of your friend, Maya. . . ."

Vurkkon, his wife and his daughter had had Maya laid out in their own home. There was no question that she was dead. No pulse, no breathing. She had been found on the main highway from the capital city, and brought in immediately by the security police. When Koenig and Carter arrived to identify her officially, neither of them could trust himself to utter a word without choking. They knew they'd lost her forever.

"There is no way we can tell how it happened," said Vurkkon. "Apparently, she was struck in the back - but by some animal? Perhaps. Certainly not by a vehicle, or I should have known. . . ."

Black with despair, Koenig and Carter set back for Moonbase. . . .

Meanwhile, on Moonbase, an Eagle had arrived. Such was the surprise that nobody thought to get through to Koenig about it. Maya had walked in, apologetically, and had told Tony Verdeschi that she apologised for running off.

She'd been welcomed; fussed over. They were all sorry about her worries concerning her father. Yes, they could have told her that he'd never have survived. Yes, it was time she took a spell off duty for a week or so. Even the normally clear-thinking Helena Russell had urged her to her room, prescribed sedatives. . . .

And from her room, Maya - but it wasn't Maya - just the creation of the infernal Zuris, had sneaked out, to club down two of the Alpha security men and snatch a gun! She'd run amok, killing the two standby engineers in the main generating room, had thrown the switches that controlled all internal power! And now - even as Koenig and Carter redocked in Eagle One, she was on her way to shoot down the nonplussed occupants of Main Mission!

The evil Zuris had not forsaken it. Obsessed with his triumph of re-creation, he'd never known of Koenig's visit to Garm. So his influence was nothing when Koenig was told that Maya was apparently on the rampage.

"It can't be Maya! We've seen her dead!"

And now the girl hurt out along the main corridor, and Koenig and Helena were with Kano and signals assistant Connover as they ducked out to face her! "Don't stand there!" yelled Koenig. "Shoot!" Kano and Connover hesitated for a split instant. Then their laser-powered rifles blasted death, and the creature that seemed to be Maya spun backwards to crash into the corridor bulkhead, slide slowly down, and lie still!

"Get her into the nearest room," snarled Koenig.

It was utterly astounding. Nobody spoke. Not Koenig, not Alan Carter, not the duty corporal in charge of the Main Mission Rest Area. For as they laid her in the chair, the body of Maya seemed to decompose. It withered . . . the hair turning white. The flesh falling away . . . disappearing from the gaunt skull that had once supported such a fleshy face. Such a *fat, fleshy face*.

"Commander!" The voice was Sandra Benes, over the intercom telecommunicator from Main Mission. "I have Prenator Vurkkon for you. He says it's urgent."

Koenig spun round, white to the lips. He thumbed his comlock and was in instant touch with the being on the main monitor screen.

"Vurkkon. . ."

"The body, Commander. I naturally ordered an autopsy. It is not humanoid. It is *fabricated*. The girl is *not* your Maya. . . ."





The flesh felt away. Where Maya had sat, now there was only a grinning skeleton!

"Not Maya. . .?" Koenig swung back to the ghastly skeleton in the chair, his blood running cold. But then the door of the room sighed open, and the red-haired girl stood there, her eyes soft with apology. . .

"John, I'm sorry. There was no way to let you know. He kidnapped me. . ." She pointed to the leering skull. "Yes, that is Zuris. But he didn't know that while he could make a copy of me, I could become *him*. I did so. And forced my own appearance on him. He was so confused, he came up here to do the job of his android. His android was the one Vurkkon found. . ."

Koenig sat down. He lifted his hands to his head

and ran them through his hair. His brain was whirling with baffling images. "You mean to say . . . you were Maya, then you weren't . . . then there was a copy, then it wasn't . . . and you took Zuris's place. . ."

"I can't expect you to take it all in at once, John," said Maya, laying a hand on his shoulder, and ignoring the fact that he flinched, instinctively. "Believe me, I'm me and I'm back. If you want to explain to Vurkkon, do so. . . but tomorrow we'll be heading out of his orbit. He can't ever have known about the plot to release his prisoners . . . maybe it'd be just as well not to tell him."

"The - the plot to release . . .?" Koenig looked up at Maya pleadingly, but she was smiling. "Okay, John - maybe I'd better tell you the whole story first. . ."

Do you know your **MOONBASE?**

All true fans of Space 1999 ought to know plenty about Moonbase Alpha and its personnel by now. Study the pictures on this and the next two pages and see if you

can answer the questions that go with them. If you *are* baffled, you can always check the correct answers on page 61.



1. An Eagle comes in to land. Is that red-striped centre portion an integral part of the craft, or can it be removed and replaced with something else?

2. It's a vehicle for getting around on the surface outside Alpha... but what is it called?





3. An essential piece of equipment for anyone investigating an unknown planet! What is it?



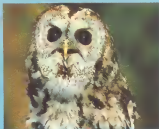
4. This fellow with Captain Koenig. He was tragically killed fairly early on, but he was once a senior member of the Alpha staff. His name?



5. And another vital gadget, that opens doors and serves as a transceiver. You can name this, of course!



6. Another character. This time, the father of one of Commander Koenig's close colleagues. Whose father?



7. The owl . . . and the pussy cat??? But these pictures have something definite in common. Can you say what?



8. Commander Koenig and Maya. Their lsp-straps should give you the clue to their whereabouts. Just where are they sitting?



9. Not as we usually see her – but who is this character from the series?



10. This Eagle is about to withdraw the contents of a dangerous shaft – contents that were the original cause of the Moon's breakaway from earth. What were the contents?



At the request of last year's readers, some facts and figures about the stars who play the main parts in *Space 1999*...

MARTIN LANDAU — Commander John Koenig. An ex commercial artist, Martin turned to acting because he was bored with drawing-office routine. Joined Lee Strasberg's famous Actors' Studio and landed small parts in various TV shows. First big break came in the television series *Mission — Impossible*, where he played master illusionist Rollie Hand.

BARBARA BAIN — Doctor Helena Russell. Married to Martin Landau, whom she met when she was also playing in *Mission — Impossible*. Once a top fashion model, she switched to acting in the late fifties, having at first wanted to become a dancer. First time she met Martin, she disliked him on sight! Admits that for someone born on a Friday the thirteenth, she's been pretty lucky in her career!



CATHERINE SCHELL – Moya. This Hungarian-born actress, the daughter of a Baron, won the part in *Space 1999* over another 154 hopefuls. No mean feat! She has appeared extensively on television and in films. Coincidentally, her first British production was in a movie called *Moon Two Zero*, so she feels well at home on Alpha!

TONY ANHOLT – Tony Verdeschi. The son of an insurance rep, Tony Anholt was born in Singapore in 1941, but spent his early years in Australia and South Africa. A man with a chequered career, he's been a tea-taster, a fancy goods salesman, and a teacher. Tony got the acting bug, took a crash course, and landed his first job in showbiz – appearing on a potato crisps commercial! He was spotted by Producer Gerry Anderson and signed up, first for *The Protectors*, then for *Space 1999*.



NICK TATE – Alan Carter. Currently very busy, and tipped for stardom in his own right, Nick Tate was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1942. With a father and mother both in show business, Nick, quite unsurprisingly, became a child actor. He eventually came to Britain to appear on several commercials, and take minor roles in a handful of popular series. His big break came in *The Canterbury Tales*, where he played a leading role. Back from a tour which actually took him home to Aussie, he landed the part of Alpha's chief pilot.

CLIFTON JONES – David Kane. Born in Jamaica, Clifton has lived in England since 1958. He studied at the Conti Stage School, and appeared extensively on stage. He made his tv debut in *Emergency – Ward 10*. Clifton is used to heights – he did national service in the RAF!

ZIENIA MERTON – Sandra Benes. A real citizen of the world! Zienia's father was half English, half French. Her mother was Burmese. She was born in Brunei, brought up in Singapore and Portugal! She studied dancing in London, then turned to acting. She has appeared in many tv productions, but *Space 1999* was her first continuous role.



GHOULS' GALLERY!

Feel like a good shudder? Take a look at these pictures of one or two of the less-attractive aliens who've cropped up in the *Space 1999* series! Know what? On their own planets, they're considered pretty handsome!



COMMANDER'S SITREP -2



ALPHA LOGBOOK. MOONDATE 3415.
SITUATION REPORT BEGINS.

Ordered red alert at 1235 hours as unidentified, unresponsive space vehicle landed in sector green-four. Personally led buggy investigation of object. Craft unmanned, inert. Recovered same and placed it in Eagle main bay for examination. Probas detected presence of explosive device within, and object was ferried to far side of Moon and exploded. Its arrival and definite purpose remain a mystery. SITUATION REPORT ENDS.



A close-up portrait of a man with light brown, wavy hair and blue eyes. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. He is wearing a dark blue jacket over a yellow turtleneck sweater. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

Chief Eagle Pilot

**ALAN
CARTER**

**Controller Tony Verdeschi with
Alan Carter and Helena Russell**



**Commander Koenig and
Alan Carter check a laser rifle**



STRATEGIC OBJECTIVE!

IN A FAR DISTANT GALAXY, THE TWIN PLANETS PROCORD AND TARNIC REVOLVE ENDLESSLY ABOUT ONE ANOTHER. AND JUST AS ENDLESS IS THE WAR THAT HAS EXISTED FOR CENTURIES BETWEEN THEM. A WAR LONG FOSSILISED IN A STALEMATE THAT BOTH, ON OCCASION, ATTEMPT TO BREAK.

THESE ROCKETRY READY FOR LAUNCH, ZARNAR, THE TARNICIANS WILL HAVE NO DEFENCE AGAINST THIS SALVO!

INDEED! THE GENIUS OF OUR SCIENTISTS WILL DEFY THE PUNY FORCE-FIELDS OF OUR ENEMIES! LET THE ANNIHILATION SALVO BE FIRED!

BUT IN THE DEPTHS OF SPACE BETWEEN THE HOSTILE PLANETS A NEW AND UNHERALDED VISITOR! EARTH'S WIMMY MOON!

MAIN MISSION TO COMMANDER KOENIG!
MISSILE FLIGHT APPROACHING,
RED SECTOR, THREE-ONE-EIGHT!
RANGE FOUR-FORTH!

NO SIR! WE AREN'T THE TARGET
BUT THEY'LL PASS CLOSE
ENOUGH FOR OUR
GRAVITY TO POSE
A HAZARD!

CONVERGING...

STANDBY EASLES THREE AND FOUR!
GET OUT THERE AND DESTROY!



READY WITH LASER
CO-ORDINATES! RANGE
SIX-SIXTH AND CLOSING...

WITH YOU
BUDDY.



DESTRUCTION
ACCOMPLISHED,
COMMANDER!

ACTIVATE FORCE-FIELDS,
TONN. WE MAY GET SOME
RETALIATION.



NEXT INSTANT A FURIOUS FACE
KILLS THE VIDEO SCREEN...

WHO ARE YOU TO INTERVENE IN
THE WAR WITH TARNIC? HOW DARE
YOU CANCEL THE EFFORTS OF THE
RULER OF PROCORDS!

SUDDENLY, THE SCREEN FLICKERS
AND GOES DIM. ANOTHER, STRONGER

RIVAL
TAKES
OVER...

I AM TARNIC, LEADER OF
THE PLANET TARNIC! HOW
DARE YOU MESSLE IN OUR CONFLICT
WITH PROCORDS AT YOUR
PERIL, ALIENS!

AS SPACE WALKERS, WITH OUR OWN
HIGHLY DEVELOPED TECHNOLOGY,
WE HAVE THE RIGHT TO PROTECT
OURSELVES. SOME OF YOUR MISSILES
COULD HAVE HIT US.



WE MEAN NO DOOM AND HARM. WE HAVE NO WISH TO LAND ON EITHER OF YOUR WARLIKE PLANETS.

IN TIME, WE SHALL PASS THROUGH YOUR AREA AND BE GONE FOR EVER...

IMPERTINENCE...

WAIT! WE MONITORED YOUR TRANSMISSIONS WHEN WE APPROACHED THIS REGION.

WE KNOW OF YOUR WAR, AND WE WANT NO PART OF IT! DO NOT TRY TO MOLEST US - WE ARE STRONG.

BLISTERING, TARRN LEAVES THE AIR, AND ZAGNAR COMES BACK...

SWITCH IT OFF, SANDRA! I WANT NO FURTHER COMMUNICATION.

LISTEN, MY FRIEND! YOU ARE STRONG, HOW CAN I, PERHAPS I, ZAGNAR CAN PERSUADE YOU TO BE MY ALLY...

HOPES THE COMMANDER'S RIGHT!

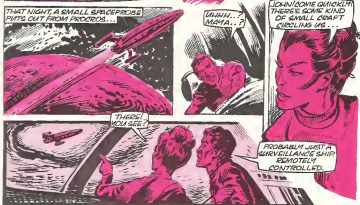
HE ALWAYS IS. NOBODY'S GOING TO BOTHER US, MATE!

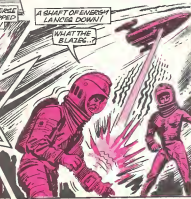
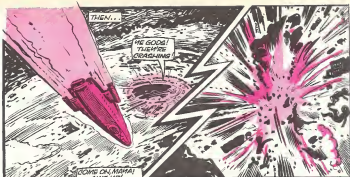
NOW HEAR THIS! WE ARE PASSING THROUGH A ZONE OF PLANETARY HOSTILITY. THEIR CONVENTIONAL MISSILES CANNOT PENETRATE OUR FORCE SHIELDS. WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR. REPEAT - NOTHING TO FEAR!

BUT ON PROCEED...

YOU CALLED ME HERE, DUGAR...?

IF-HEE MIGHTY ZAGNAR! THIS UNKNOWN SUB-PLANET MIGHT BE OF THE GREATEST USE TO US!







MAMA, MAMA...? THE WOMAN WITH THE POWER OF CONVERTING
HER ENTIRE BEING TO ANYTHING SHE CARES TO THINK OF
COMES DOWN THE STEPS... AS TARN, RULER OF TARNIC!

W-HOW DID MOM
REACH THE
B-GAS PLANET...?

DOES IT MATTER?
HERE - I OFFER
MOM THE HAND OF
FRIENDSHIP!

FORGIVE ME, ZARGAN, BUT I
CONSIDERED IT TIME THERE
WAS PEACE BETWEEN OUR
PLANETS. I GREET MOM -
[AS FRIEND]

B-BUT... TARN! HOW DID MOM...?
I MEAN, WHY...? BUT - BUT THE
WAR BETWEEN OUR PEOPLES IS
TRADITION!

HOW IN BLAZES IS
SHE GOING TO GET
AWAY WITH THIS...?

IN FACT, IT'S ABSURDLY
SIMPLE!

DEAR, YOUR SCIENTIST,
IS ONLY FIT TO MAKE WAR
HE WILL MAKE ALL SORTS
OF NONSENSICAL EXCUSES
I RECOMMEND MOM TO PUT
HIM IN HOSPITAL, AT ONCE!

M-HOW AT ONCE! WILL
MOM BE MY GUEST...?
SUCH AN OCCASION
MERITS A GREAT
CELEBRATION...

SURE! THERE IS SOMETHING WICKED!
WE CAME AWAY WITH...

SILENCE, MOM FOOL!

DO MOM WANT TO
ENDANGER A NEW ERA
OF PEACE WITH YOUR
IDiotic BABELING?
WAR COSTS MONEY!

WAR AND PEACE MAKES
UNEMPLOYMENT FOR
PEOPLE LIKE ME!

I CAN TELL WHAT MOM'S THINKING,
YOUNG FELLOW! HE ASSURED - MOM
WILL HAVE A PLACE IN ZARGAN'S
CEREMONIAL GUARD!



NO, NO! THE INVITATION
MUST BE MINE! MY PRIDE
YOU KNOW...

AND NOW, ZARSAAN, I MUST GO
BACK TO MY PEOPLE. WE WILL
DRESS A GREAT FEAST
FOR YOU...

I-I MUST HAVE
BEEN DREAMING
ALL THIS...



WAAA, YOU'RE A DOLL, BUT
THE GLORY WERE NOT OUT OF
THE WOOD YET! WOULD
YOU BETTER HAVE SOMETHING
TO EAT UP YOUR SLEEVE!

OH I HAVE, JOHN!
I REALLY HAVE!

THE SHUTTLE LEAVES,
ZARSAAN DOESN'T EVEN STOP
TO THINK THAT KIDENIS
HAB TECHNICALLLY
STOLEN IT!

FORGET IT, JOHN!
JUST MAKE ROOM
FOR A VIP.
WILL YOU?



WITHIN MOMENTS...

ALERT! ALIEN BATTLE
APPROACHING - SECTOR
RED, FIVE-FIVE!



INTERCEPT EAGLES
AIRBORNE!
REPEAT, AIRBORNE!

SANDER, OPEN
COMMUNICATION
WITH TARNIC

AND THEN...



M-HEG
COMMANDER...

I WANT TARNIN
HIMSELF ON
THAT SCREEN...

I BRING YOU NEWS OF PEACE, TARNIN.
OUR PEOPLE HAVE BEEN AT WAR TOO
LONG. LET US FORGET OUR ANCIENT
ENMITY AND BE AS ONE...



CAN THIS BE TRUE?
WHY, I ADMIT WE WERE
RANING INTO POWERTH
TO THINK OF NEW MEANS
OF COMBAT...

ON TAENIC, THE STREETS ARE GAY WITH FLAGS...



ALL IS OVER! IT TOOK THE ARRIVAL OF THIS ALIEN SUB-PLANET AND ITS INHABITANTS TO SHOW ME SENSE. LET ME MEET - IN THE NEAR FUTURE...



LONG LIVE ZARBAN... AND HIS FRIEND, TAREN OF TARNIO!

NO MORE WAR!
LONG LIVE OUR PRESIDENT!

ISOLATED, A MOON SPUNG ON THROUGH SPACE. A MOON WHERE THE STRANGE POWER OF MAYA HAS BROUGHT A MIRACLE...



MAGNIFICENT, MAYA. IT MAY NOT LAST, BUT AT LEAST IT'S GOT A GOOD CHANCE!

I ONLY WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING AS SPECTACULAR FOR US, JOHN...

BUT EVEN I CAN'T MAKE MYSELF INTO A PLANET THAT WILL GIVE US ALL A NEW AND PERFECT HOME.

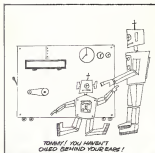
MOONBEAMS



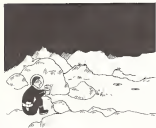
MISSION CONTROL : ?
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, BUT...



10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1...
NOW BLAST OFF TO BED!



TOMMY! YOU HAVEN'T
OILED (BEHIND YOUR EARS)!



'DEAD MOTHER-IN-LAW,
WISH YOU WERE HERE...'



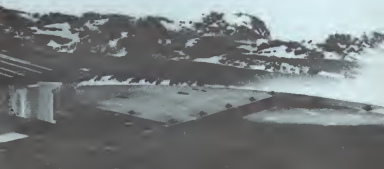
ER - WE'VE COME THE
WRONG WAY!
CAPTAIN.

STARQUIZ



How's your knowledge of our own homely old Solar System? See if you can answer the questions below - and check your results on page 63!

1. Give the *date* of the first manned landing on the Moon.
2. And what was the name of the astronaut who took the first historic step onto the Moon's surface?
3. The distance of Earth from the Sun varies between about 91 and 94 million miles. True or false?
4. Is the atmosphere of Venus greater or lesser in density than that of Earth?
5. Ceres, Vesta, Hermes, Andromeda. Which is the odd one out, and why?
6. Astrologers said that the position of the planet Pluto was a cause of the First World War in 1914. What's wrong with this statement?
7. Is the legendary Halley's Comet due to make its next appearance to watchers on Earth in (a) 1979 (b) 1986 or (c) 1999.
8. Which is the smallest planet in the Solar System?
9. And which is the largest?
10. Which planet is known as 'The Red Planet'?



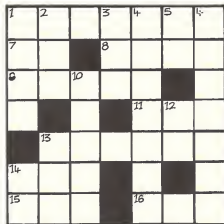
Find the Differences

The pictures below look identical – but our artist has made six changes in the one underneath! Can you spot them? Check your answers on page 61.



CROSSWORD

& answers



CLUES ACROSS

- Planet named after chief Roman god.
- Possessive preposition.
- Enclosure for wild beasts.
- To hang immobile in the air.
- Weapon.
- Arrival (as of an era).
- Mineral-bearing rock.
- Non-commissioned officer.
- Declare.

CLUES DOWN

- Koenig's first name.
- A flying saucer.
- Frozen water.
- What missiles aim for.
- For example.
- Spacecraft's return into atmosphere. (two words).
- Screen (as in Main Mission).
- United Nations (abbrev.)
- Discharge between electrical elements.

ANSWERS

Page 18. Quizcode Alpha. Regret to inform you that life support systems here not, repeat, not compatible with the needs of air-breathing beings.

Page 29. Spot The Difference. Tony's hair; Allen's ear; Panel above Alan's head; Alan's badge; Tony's left elbow; Extra line on Tony's sweater.

Page 39. Moonbase Quiz.
1. Pod; 2. Moon Buggy; 3. Stun-Gun; 4. Professor Bergman; 5. Combock; 6. Maya's father; 7. Forms which Maya takes; 8. At the controls of an Eagle; 9. Helena Russell; 10. Nuclear waste.

Page 59. Starquiz.
1. 21st July 1969; 2. Neil Alden Armstrong; 3. True; 4. Denser; 5. Andromeda is a distant Galaxy. The others are asteroids within the Solar System; 6. Pluto was not discovered until 1930; 7. (b); 8. Mercury; 9. Jupiter; 10. Mars.

Page 60. Spot The Difference. Alan's left sleeve stripe; Control on top of generator; Panel below microscope platform; Operator's neckband; Top of microscope; Strut on base of right-hand console.







GERRY ANDERSON'S

SPACE

1999
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